

The Bell Ringer

Montgomery Bell Academy

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John Markham, drafted by Giants, wants another chance

by Steven Syverud - Editor in Chief

One Sunday afternoon this past April, John Markham sat down with his roommate and turned his television on to the NFL draft. Markham, who had wrapped his football career at Vanderbilt as the school's all time leader in points scored, was not expecting to have his name called on this day.

"A whole lot of kickers don't get drafted," said Markham, who handled placekicking and kickoff duties as well as punting for Vanderbilt. As Markham sat watching the fifth round go by on ESPN, his phone rang. It was the New York Giants. They wanted him as their next pick in the draft. Two minutes later it popped up on the screen: John Markham became the 160th player selected that weekend.

"I expected to be with a team in camp, but it came as a little a bit of pleasant surprise for me," Markham said.

Two things made the Giants interested in taking Markham so early. First off, they knew he could kick. "I had been pretty accurate my junior and senior season," he said. "And I think they liked the fact that I got pretty good hang time

on my kickoffs." The other factor? Character. Athletes who are also gentlemen are a rarity in the NFL these days.

Said Markham: "When they draft you, they're making an investment in you. They don't want to draft someone whose going to be arrested and not be in camp."

Markham quickly reaped the benefits of the Giants' investment in him. After agreeing to a contract with New York, he received a signing bonus worth \$1,040,000. Although he celebrated that day, he invested all of his bonus money.

And so began a hectic two months. The next weekend, he went

up to New York for mini-camp and a few preliminary practices. At the end of the weekend he came back to Nashville,

finished up final exams, and graduated from Vanderbilt in May. Then it was back up to Albany for training camp and two-a-days.

The daily regimen for Giants, who were staying dorms together: breakfast, two hour practice, lunch, two hours of free time in the dorms, two hour practice, dinner, meetings, then lights out at eleven.

When he wasn't on the football field, Markham got to meet a few of his teammates, the defending

NFC champions. He spent a lot of time with some of the offensive linemen. Ron Dayne came along to dinner with him one night. But the players he got to know the best was Garret Holmes, whom he was competing with for a job.

On the field, Markham was satisfied with how he performed. After six weeks, however, the Giants released him. "I was pleased with the way camp went. I had a couple of days where I didn't kick as well as I could. One of the reasons they released me was because I didn't have enough experience."

But Markham hasn't been discouraged by the setback. He's been kicking footballs since he was an eighth grader at MBA and he isn't ready to give up yet.

In fact, his kicking success dates began when he was an upperclassman at MBA. After serving as the second string kicker on the Freshman football team to Scott Blunt, who would later go on to play soccer at Fordham, and being a back up on the

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Markham holds Vanderbilt's all time record for points scored in a career

Caucasian Chalk Circle: A complex performance

by Josh Mayhew - Staff Writer

Most people would be daunted by the thought of performing Bertolt Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle*. Brecht's script calls for actors to play 80 different roles. Brecht himself called for plays that the audience did not merely view, but was changed by. His goal was for each of his plays to be a complicated experience.

Malcolm Morrison, however, never doubted that his students could pull off a performance of *Caucasian*. "I certainly didn't think it was beyond them," he said. "I thought it would be fine as long as I taught them sufficiently who Bertolt Brecht was, what his beliefs were, and what he was trying to say."

The cast, which included students from St. Cecilia, Hillsboro, Harpeth Hall, and of course MBA, digested Brecht's ideas with relative ease. Morrison, who is in his second year at MBA after serving as a Producer in London, said of them: "They were smart. They understood. They were far more disciplined than European students."

When I saw the play, I had a little bit more trouble comprehending what was going on than did my classmates on stage. The plot was difficult to follow and I kept getting characters confused, as 18 actors played

the 80 roles written by Brecht.

I could tell the complexity of the play was confusing others in the audience. Some people even got up and left at intermission, including a

Those who did see the whole play, however, were treated to a great performance. Mr. Morrison had this to say to the people who did not watch his play: "If you had come, you would

Albert Marks, and Phillip Dempsey all turned in extraordinary performances. Hamilton Berry and Michael Debrun also were very impressive, playing a wide range of pieces they had written themselves.

After the intermission, the play picked up noticeably. The story, which parallels the Biblical tale of Solomon determining the rightful mother of a baby, became easier to follow. In *Caucasian*, Grusha, a maid woman, is given possession of the disputed baby after she refuses to vie with Natella Abashvili to pull the child out of the Caucasian Chalk Circle, lest she hurt him.

When the play concluded, I was impressed that high school students were able to pull off the performance. I was glad I had seen it, but felt bad for all the others who didn't have the same "experience."



Ellen Fuson and Jessica Turk fight over Rob Beasley

certain brown-haired administrator, who slept through much of the first half as well.

This is the kind of play that rewards patience, and its unfortunate that more people did not have a chance to truly enjoy it. The attendance for *Caucasian* was disappointing; no crowd numbered over 50.

have seen people being bridges and trees. There wasn't any scenery. The students were the scenery." This lack of physical props added to the "experience" that Brecht intended to make. It was not the only nuance that made the play interesting.

The lighting was incredible. The acting was very strong. Christopher Schuller, Timothy Vaughn,

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The MBA Stereotype

by Bradford Gioia

"Did you know that there is only one Jewish student at MBA?"

This question, actually assertion, was made last week at a meeting of distinguished leaders in Nashville in response to the issue of diversity in our city's public and private/independent schools. Every ounce of restraint kept me from yelling out loud a rebuttal to this uninformed statement. A better judgment guided and educated me.

Surely I knew at that moment how many Jewish and Asian, Latino and African-American students there were at MBA. In fact, I have defended MBA in public and private forums about the school's openmindedness and acceptance of all faiths and backgrounds. And, to me, diversity is much more than a particular religion or skin color; rather, I see differences in opinion, the quest for all forms of knowledge, and the freedom to express ideas and to accept with understanding and appreciation others as the cornerstones of any great community of people. In fact, understanding and appreciation may be among the highest virtues of any individual or society.

When that statement (or rather indictment) about MBA's Jewish community was made, I was indignant and poised to defend a school and a group of people I respect, admire, and appreciate. Any casual observer at MBA could tell there is a significant Jewish population at the school on religious holidays. Admittedly, I am prejudiced and a little too close to these realities. Frankly, however, it is probably good and informative for me to hear these perspectives. Like everything and everyone else, MBA is often stereotyped. Perhaps it is easy to characterize MBA in such a way. We do represent a certain ethos and character. For many outsiders, we look alike, act alike, seem the same. For me, that oversimplification is shallow, unchallenged, not fully informed.

After all, MBA affords all of us in this community an incredible range of perspectives. For instance, on that same day I heard this stereotype about MBA, I visited the Caldwell Learning Center in East Nashville and spent time with former Gov. Lamar Alexander. Both the Principal of Caldwell Learning Center and our former governor sent sons to MBA. I was the only individual in a large cross-section of Nashville's leadership who know that Principal in East Nashville. I knew firsthand about

the dire need to support and educate the three-year-olds in that area of Nashville. I also knew our Service Club at MBA had traveled in that area of Nashville many times in the past eight years. I suspect other citizens in our city are unaware of these efforts and the range of efforts our students and teachers are making at MBA.

What I really learned last week at this meeting was how crucial it is that MBA—its students and parents, teachers, staff, and alumni, express through action that we are diverse. Even though I clarified MBA has a significant Jewish population in that setting last week, I know this issue is not the only important measure of our school. We must educate great citizens who care about the larger communities, who give of themselves, who appreciate and understand others for who and what they are — not for their color, religion, or wealth. Listening and restraint were critical reminders last week when I heard that question about MBA because I needed to be reminded how much more we have to do, how important it is that we become great citizens of Nashville, this country, and our world so that MBA is perceived as a great community.

An MBA Screening of UT-Florida

With apologies to George Plimpton

Bored of working on paper in Carter on Saturday afternoon; head over to gym to watch MBA basketball game. Saw Big Red get beat by MUS the night before. Walking across empty campus, remember MUS player who dislocated kneecap in warm-ups. Wonder whether he's still in town, how you can dislocate your kneecap in warm-ups.

Arrive at gym, stands less than a quarter full. No pep band. Sun shines through roof in long beams onto court. Strain to hear what the row of students is yelling from across the floor. Vision of a library on a sunny day.

Leave gym, turn to Roberts Room. UT-Florida game starts in thirteen minutes. Make out large group through glass doors. See Mr. Vaught, Bob the Trainer. Half a dozen underclassmen. So here's the band someone says. No, the jayvee band. Crowd intently watching game on television. Miami leads Virginia Tech by two. Mr. Vaught presides. "Their line could start for the Dallas Cowboys."

Flag thrown on next play. "Two men moving at the same time," he says. Two men moving at the same time, broadcaster says. Television pans to Miami's running back. "He's one big sucker," Vaught says.

Glass door swings open; band is wanted on the court. After hesitation, several seats on couch are vacated.

Game ends, Miami wins, now prepares to face Florida in Rose Bowl.

TV switched to CBS for the game. Arizona-Kansas game on instead. Dan McGugin walks in, asks how long until the game starts. As soon as basketball game is over. Roberts room experiencing *de ja vu*.

McGugins position themselves in hall of gym, watch MBA game for a few moments, run back in to check on television. Conjecture in room that one of the brothers could stay in gym, one watch TV, communicate telepathically.

MBA game tied. Arizona fouling, calling time out repeatedly, annoys Roberts Room crowd. Will they pre-empt the real game? Heidi bowl cited by student. They will delay the game.

Banner flashes on screen, crawl says Tennessee-Florida game will be shown at 3:42. Much relief. Dan comes in, asks how much longer. Three minutes. Please, someone let him know when game starts.

3:42. Cut to Gainesville. McGugins notified. Pep band returns. Florida running out on field. Search for Ingle. He will be holding fist in air. See fist in air, but not body attached to it. Told that I have seen Ingle. Commercial break. McGugins file out.

Commercials over. McGugins return. Say basketball game still close, ask why not supporting classmates. Television cuts to Florida sideline, Coach Spurrier. Is that Ingle behind him? No it's that other quarterback. Someone counted 18 Ingle citations in last game. Soon have first one in this game.

Remark that I interviewed Spurrier in Roberts Room a few months ago

Florida goes three and out first possession. McGugins psyched. Notified that no audible cheering for Florida allowed. UT gets ball scores. Much rejoicing.

MBA wins basketball game. Parents file in. What's happening? Dan says, "Ingle went three and out, then Will B. rammed it down their throats."

UT bats ball picks off pass. Drive to Florida one. Clausen throws the touchdown pass to Troy Fleming. "BGA!" Twins say, pump fists.

UT leads 14-0. Travis Stephens running all over. Played for Clarksville in High School, McGugins say. They beat him once, lost to him once.

Crowd murmurs that Florida will come back. Mr. Fisher: "I'll take Spurrier over the Doughboy in the fourth quarter."

During commercial break, wish Florida would start playing. McGugins begin asking about newspaper. Shouldn't allow anonymous articles. All stories should have names on them. Article about Senior Class especially.

Leave Roberts Room. Walk toward empty Carter Hall, think of celebration to come if Vols were to win in Swamp. Feel a bit queasy. Begin to write article, won't put name on it.

Revenge of the Nerds

by Adam Zelizer - Assistant Editor

It's 8:00, Day 1, Game 1. Churchball season is soon to be christened at Westminster Presbyterian Church. I'm sitting in the stands with the rest of the spectators (parents), all four of them. Why am I here? How does an unathletic Jew find himself in a church gymnasium on Saturday morning as Shabbat services are underway just a block away?

This was no ordinary opening game. That Saturday was the second to last SAT testing date for seniors. Because of this conflicting engagement, church ball regulars like Cook Wyllly and Zach Wall for Westminster and Jay Lovell for the Calvary team couldn't make the game. Instead, there was an open invitation to any senior who wanted to play. Correction. It was an open invitation to anyone who wanted to play and was actually any good (that's why I was there as a reporter and not a player). A few brave souls answered the call.

TIPOFF! Someone won, I can't remember. Post play dominated the quarter, with a particularly strong performance by Ryan "Schmu" Mirian on the Westminster Team. Schmu ruled the post with an iron-fist, similar to the Taliban's former domination over Afghanistan. His strategy: foul, foul, and play defense—I mean foul. No Calvary player was crazy enough to pass into his domain, not even Reid "Watch-out-I-got-a-knife" Parrish. But Schmu's dominance was not limited to the area directly underneath the basket, oh no. His shooting ability from the outside evoked memories of Khalid El-Amin, Shareef Abdur-Rahim, and

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Mohamed Abdul-Rauf. After Schena stroked a three over a defender's outstretched hand, his coach leaned over to me and said, "I've never seen a style like that in my life." After the first quarter Westminster had a small lead.

The second quarter, as if trying to differentiate itself from the first, was dominated by guardplay. Actually it was dominated by the great play of Calvary over the sub-par effort of Westminster's backcourt. Move over Tamir Goodman, Josh Rubin is the next Jewish Michael Jordan. In an ironic turn, a non-christian began to take over the game of church ball. His killer crossover utterly embarrassed his defender, Steven "Watch-Out-Indy!" Syverud. As a result of these defensive struggles, Steven's offensive output greatly diminished. At one point his shot from the sideline hit the side of the backboard, bouncing directly back into his hands. No one knew if that was against the rules or not, but the refs were too busy laughing to care. The half ended with Calvary leading by two.

The second half proved to be a battle of wills as the undermanned Westminster team struggled to keep up with the fresher Calvary substitutes. With Westminster's starting five playing most of the game with only one sub (Henry Nichols) — who was actually so bad that they would've probably been better off without him —, fatigue was a major factor down the stretch. Tipton Horn, whose brightly colored head-band had inflicted the fear of God into his opponents, was clearly less than 100%. In talking to him during a time out, Tipton explained that "it isn't my virus or illness, just the combined effects of getting six hours of sleep for five straight nights. This blows man." But Tipton toughed it out, withstanding the urge to go take a nap to post an overall game high 11 points. The third quarter ended as Calvary had a four point lead.

The final quarter witnessed Westminster's surprising comeback to lead down the stretch. With 21 seconds left, Calvary had the ball underneath their own basket, tied. Gray Skinner was ready to pass the ball in bounds. During halftime he had gone out of his way to tell me that he was going to dominate the rest of the game. This was his chance. As the ref blew his whistle, Reid Parrish broke towards the opponent's goal. Gray's heave through the air appeared as if it were in slow-motion as it cleared not only the defender, but also his teammate as it crashed into the top of the Westminster Arena wall. But the game still wasn't over. Even after Tipton hit his first free throw, Calvary still had a chance to win. Josh Rubin yells repeatedly, "We're out

of timeouts, so don't call any!" Tipton clinks the second shot, and Gray skies for the rebound. "TIMEOUT, TIMEOUT!" The referee grants his request, to the shock of his teammates. The game is over after the technical foul that Gray has incurred. The Calvary players get over their disappointment quickly as they look at the team room taking the floor: "Look at those headbands. They're so gay!"

At Edwin Warner, the celestial and the mundane

by Adam Zellner - Assistant Editor

Early Sunday morning, a group of astronomy thrill-seekers convened at Edwin Warner Park to witness the rare Leonid meteor shower. In a night so full of excitement and suspense, several memorable events unfolded under the sparks of tiny meteors vaporizing high up in the atmosphere. Here's how the night went:

12:15 a.m.: arrive at the park, wander aimlessly through the fields wondering how we're going to find the MBA contingent at the park. Suddenly before our eyes appeared the Dodge Aspen, guiding us to our destination as a lighthouse shines as a beacon to ships lost at sea. Students are gathered around chili that is simmering on a gas burner stationed on the hood of the car. Realization: the night's real fireworks may not be up in the sky at all. I wonder if great amounts of methane will cloud our view of the event. A surprising number of about 20 MBA students, including a number of random football players, are already there. So absorbed are they in the celestial events that they momentarily forget that they should've been playing in the Clinic Bowl tonight.

12:45: "There gotta be about 8 meteors a minute," one rindorn, out of place adult screams. It's getting cold, but we mainly, virile men are ready to tough out the weather. Speaking of tough, strong men, K-Pax, was there, toasty warm and asleep inside Dr. Clark's sleeping bag. And no, Dr. Clark was not in there at the time. He wakes up when a star gazer unleashes a chili-enhanced wind into the cold winter night. The smell is overwhelming. K-Pax leaves soon after. More sleeping bags for us.

1:30: We learn that Jimmy Britin has been here since six o'clock. The hours in the cold have taken their toll; he seems to

have lost all interest in the South American girl on the far side of the park.

2:00: The crowd is awed by one of the better flashes of the night. An astonished Rio says, "I need to change my pants." Those juniors are so immature.

2:30: A couple of Harpeth Hall girls show up and are immediately drawn to Dr. Clark just as a comet is attracted by the gravitational force of the sun. It seems as if hot flashes are no longer contained to the upper atmosphere.

3:00: The cold is really getting to us all, except for Duke, who seems to be in control of every sleeping bag in the park. "Is that sweat I see on your brow, Duke?" He lies unmoving in his heated sweat-soaked. Unable to carry on a conversation with him because his words are muffled by layers of Gore-Tex, I lean over and take a coat from the freshman next to me. Out here, only the strong survive.

3:30: Cars start pouring in as the meteor shower nears its peak. I feel my brain freezing. I have reached a new level of consciousness. I am one with the stars. I suddenly realize why Schena couldn't

be here tonight: he's shagging out at his own personal club on Third Avenue. Actually, he's probably outside, sitting in his car, waiting for his friends so he can go home.

4:00: I'm outta here. I realize now that those two people out in the middle of the soccer field really are sleeping. My last reason for staying is gone. Plus the novelty of tiny flashes of light twenty miles up in the atmosphere wore off about three hours ago. See ya in 53 years, guys.

The Bell Ringer welcomes submissions and suggestions for future editions of **Talk of the Town**. Send articles or ideas to bellringer@hotmail.com or give them a member of the **The Bell Ringer** staff.

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A Golden Gem in Black and White

By Will Choppin - Entertainment Editor

It is my great pleasure to be here writing up a review on a movie by the Coen Brothers, the most talented writers and directors that the world enjoys these days. With their new movie *The Man Who Wasn't There*, where can these two filmmakers go wrong with a story of murder, blackmail, and revenge so tightly woven, black and white cinematography so chillingly effective, and characters so perfectly developed? They can't. It's the Coen Brothers we are talking about here.

The story is introduced with the words, "I work in a barbershop, but I've never considered myself a barber." These words come from the laconic Ed

Crane, a chain-smoking alienated individual who accepts life instead of lives it. Well, Crane deserves to be so depressed, for he is the second chair barber of a two chair barbershop, and he is the husband

of a wife who is cheating on him with Tony Soprano. So begins the noirish story as Ed realizes that his wife Doris and her boss Big Dave are having an affair. The Coen Brothers

wasted no time getting into the gist of the story with revealing this little piece of info. The moviegoer should assume what is going on, rather than wait for Crane to realize it 30 minutes into the movie. Personally, I like it better the way the Coen's have done it. Let Crane instantly find out and let the audience instantly

believe Crane.

At first, Crane doesn't get too emotional about it. But then he gets the clever idea to blackmail Big Dave with this information. A man by the name of Creighton Tolliver has come in late one day to get his hair trimmed, and informs Crane that he needs \$10,000 and a business partner for the booming business of dry-cleaning. Crane is immediately interested, types up the blackmail note, and in the end gets his \$10,000 from Big Dave. So everything is fine—Crane gets to start a new business and has gotten justice for being cheated on by his wife. NO, everything does not end up fine. Tolliver disappears with the \$10,000, Big Dave is murdered, and Doris is charged with the murder. It is up to Crane to get everyone out of this and get things as returned to normal as possible.

The general plot is easy enough to follow. As tightly woven and intricate as it is, the moviegoer can both enjoy and understand what is going on in the movie in terms of plot turns and what not. However, the

Coen's have decided to include a subplot into their movie that will do no more but confuse the heck out of the audience. *The Man Who Wasn't There* is just as cerebral as their earlier movie *Barton Fink*. I am sure that I still have not entirely figured out the latter either. But any movie that is so effective that it leaves you pondering has to be a winner. Even if you don't figure *The Man Who Wasn't There*, you know deep down that it is nevertheless brilliant. Good acting, good storytelling, good black and white photography, and a thought provoking film, *The Man Who Wasn't There* is one of the best movies of the year.



Our reviewer Will Choppin gave *The Man Who Wasn't There* three and a half Gias out of four. The Bell Ringer has decided that it is inappropriate to cut our headmaster in half. So from now on, in every review one Tillman will be equal to half of a Gioia.



Billy Bob Thornton as Ed Crane in the Coen Brothers' new movie *The Man Who Wasn't There*

Cars of the Month: "Blue" and "Tin Can"

by Gray Skinner and Bill Frazier

After a long absence from the Bell Ringer, the car of the month section makes a triumphant return. We deemed it appropriate to begin our survey of MBA automobiles with the two unquestionably greatest cars to ever grace the MBA campus. Two models of Japanese automotive genius, the 1985 Honda Accord (a.k.a. Blue) and the 1989 Toyota Camry (a.k.a. the Tin Can) are the only cars ever known to us writing this column. They carry a special place in our hearts and in all the people that have ever ridden in them. They are more than cars, they're family.

In a recent road test/race, the performance of these automobiles was put to the test. During 3rd period the Tin Can and Blue took a field trip to a side street of Estes Rd. in order to test the power and raw speed generated by these archetypes of engineering skill. Three trials were performed for each car. The mean 0-50 speed for Blue was 15.84 seconds and for the Tin Can was 13.66 seconds.

Wood (a.k.a. Jamie Carroll) had some thoughts on the Tin Can. During a daily commute from the humble Wood abode, Woodrow -while practicing his master debating- became philosophically aroused through his

experiences in the car. "Waaah. It makes me nervous not to have a mirror on the passenger's side. It would be scary if you had a wreck on the passenger side because you wouldn't see it coming." The mirror is not missing as the result of a wreck but

(a.k.a. Charnock) was jealous when he realized that his pretty little BMW could never equal the Tin Can or Blue in charisma. While photographing the two cars, Mav didn't fail to inform us (again) that he would be going to

Top when he turns his hat around backwards ("It's like a change").

Value: Blue Book value for the '89 Camry with heavy body damage and rampant key marks: No value. Blue is also listed as having no resale value. Offers of up to seven or eight figures have been made, but due to the extreme sentimental value of both cars, all offers are promptly refused.

Mileage: 221,000 for Blue; the younger Can only has 149,000.

Fuel Efficiency: When not leaking gas, Blue gets 29 miles to the gallon in the city, but only 25 on the highway. The Tin Can gets around 31 mpg in the city and almost 34 on the highway.

On one rainy afternoon after school, several students witnessed the first round of bumper cars in the senior parking lot. Bill manned the Tin Can while Gray drove Blue. This round resulted in substantial body damage for both cars with no clear victor emerging.

* The authors of this column do not advocate or endorse any form of car racing. This test was done purely for scientific purposes.



Gray Skinner's 1989 Toyota Camry ("Tin Can") has 149,000 miles on it and Bill Frazier's 1985 Honda Accord ("Blue") has 221,000 miles on it.

because it was not a law to have passenger side mirrors until 1990. Jamie also noticed that "when he changes gears the engine makes a very funny noise like the car is going to stop."

Another MBA student Mav

Harvard next year.

Batman Wilson also had some thoughts on Blue. "Greatest car ever. The feeling one has after stepping into to Blue is equivalent to the feeling Stallone has in *Over the*

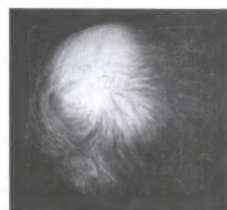
A Birthday Tribute to Dr. Crowell

by *The Bell Ringer* staff

In the next few weeks, one of the greatest physics minds of our generation turns 60. We speak of Stephen Hawking, but Dr. Crowell is also turning 60 this Saturday also. In honor of his reaching such a lofty milestone, we would like to present this scrapbook of Dr. Crowell's greatest moments at MBA.



"Yessss, just hold that up where I can pretend to look at it but really check out your..." Dr. Crowell circa 1967.



Dr. Crowell, circa 2000.

Dr. Crowell's many medications have had varying side effects. The bike-riding-cowboy hallucination was one of them. Dr. Crowell once said to his Physics class last year, after staring blankly into space for several moments: "I'm trying to remember whether I took the right colored pill this morning."



Innocent conversation, or plot to destroy the universe, you decide. Dr. Crowell was never shy about his abilities as a warrior. After being attacked by squirt gun wielding Physics students last year, he warned them: "Lesser beings of the four temporal plane dimensions: Notification by the Council of Illumanti. Fairness: You have engaged a fifth level master of five of the six dimensions. He is a master of Lui Zui warfare and the Craho Strategies. May your dust blow softly on the planes of nothingness from here to the nexus of elsewhere." Happy Retirement Birthday Dr. Crowell!

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an eagle would never fly."

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A day in the life of Osama Bin Laden

By Adam Zeller - Assistant Editor

To most Americans, Osama bin Laden is just a ruthless madman who declared holy war on America. However, I was able to meet the man behind the myth as I flew over to Afghanistan to follow Osama, or *Qāḍi ʿAlī* as he likes to be called (translated "Wood"), around his cave hideout for a day. I was shocked by what I found.

9:30: Osama is just now waking up. A member of his posse explained Wood's sleeping late: "The most feared man in the world needs his rest. Plus he was up late talking to his friends on AIM so he was tired. Sometimes I wonder what he would do without his AOL." The alarm clock in the cave clicked on to "Bye, Bye, Bye" by 'N Sync. This just can't be. Is he doing the dance from the video in his sleep? Anyway he explained his choice of music later, "Even though they're the epitome of evil western capitalism, I think they're songs are so catchy and I just love the harmony."

At this point he takes a shower, well, he gets fire-heated water poured over him by a group of dirty, hairy opium-addicted terrorists. I hear the faint sound of Poison's "Talk Dirty to Me" emanating from the shower as if played on an old Russian prototype cd player. Is he imitating Brett Michaels?

10:30: One question is already baffling me: "What kind of nickname is 'Wood'?" I asked Osama. He let out a

sigh and responded, "It's a stupid nickname and I pray every day to Allah for everyone to stop calling me that. It all started when I showed up for my first practice with the Kabul High School Confederates. They wanted to find a nickname for me, and they didn't have to look any further the old Jalalabadwood middle school t-shirt I was wearing, that my dad gave me. I was asked whether I wanted to be known as "Lalabad" or "Wood", so I made the choice that I have regretted ever since.

12:15: Lunch time. Osama's getting testy. "Boiled goat for lunch again?!?! Can't I just have a Big Mac for once?!?" He is reminded by a fellow terrorist, "Wood, McDonald's is the largest, most immoral corporation in the world. You can't eat their food." An even angrier Wood responds, "Hey, are you questioning my evil? Raise your hand if you're number 1 on the FBI's Most Wanted List." (Osama raises his). "Oh, looky there, it's not you."

Later in the meal two of his elder followers get into an argument. Osama gets weepy and chokes out "Why are you always fighting?! Why can't you just love each other?!?!? You're just like my parents!!!" Blubbing uncontrollably, Osama runs into his room and slams the door, shaking a picture frame off the wall and onto the ground, breaking it. The man who was arguing goes to his door, "Osama, get out here right this minute.

I will not stand for you ruining this house. This is why we can't have nice things." Osama: "I'm never coming out, NEVER!!!! (He comes out in a few minutes after he is promised a bowl of strawberry ice cream with those little crunchy rainbow sprinkles on top.)

1:30: There is a high-level meeting between Osama and all of his close advisors. First order of business is to debate what message will be hidden in Osama's next taped statement. After much debate and consideration, "Kill all Americans" beats out "Down with the West" and "Capitalism is evil" in a close contest.

They then prepare strategy for the war with the northern alliance. Wood: "So, I've been wondering how we're going to fight this war. Are our guys going to retreat with their hands in the air, squealing like little girls, or crawl away on their hands and knees like cowards? I'm kinda in favor of the second idea."

Osama goes on, "Third piece of bidness: is Habib letting himself go or is it just me? I mean how could you not respect yourself enough to get that fat." A recruit: "Oh yeah. He's been sneaking into the bag of oats after we all go to sleep. I say we cut his fingers off."

2:45: Nap Time. Osama curls up with his Teddy Ruxpin talking Teddy Bear.

5:00: All of the terrorists gather around in the bathroom to put on their facial cleansing masks. Wood explains to

me, "It really feels good. Those long days out in the desert can just be murder on the skin. I don't tan, I burn. Plus when your beard is as long as ours, you need to keep it groomed. You'd be amazed how often you'll find a huge dung beetle's nest hidden in there. Sometimes I just feel so dirty that I want to shave it all off and be done with it." "But what about the words of Allah?" I ask. "Wouldn't he be angry if you did that?" Osama: "Well, there are a lot of things that Allah doesn't know about and what Allah doesn't know won't hurt Him. If Allah knew everything that happened in my chambers at night, then I'd have a whole other set of problems."

7:00: Movie time. "What'll it be this week, *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* or *Booby Call*?" Wood's comments on Hollywood: "Well, I love Keanu Reeves, why he doesn't win an Oscar I'll never know. Damn Americans."

11:00: Snack time. Osama enjoys a nice, hot, fresh cup of Starbucks coffee while he watches reruns of *Saved by the Bell*. Osama: "Slater's my favorite. He's so hunky. I wish I could meet Screech. I think he'd be my friend."

Soon after *Saved by the Bell* finishes, excuses himself to go to bed. "I've got to get some sleep tonight," he explained. "I've got another busy today of cowering in fear down here like a turtle with his little head in his shell."

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A Night on the Town

by Adam Zelizer - Assistant Editor

It's Saturday night, finally the weekend after a rough school week. Your teachers really gave you a hard time. It's time to put it behind you, so you and your friends decide to go out. "What is there to do? This town's too boring," you say. Your friend gives the same old list of suggestions: go eat dinner, hang out at the mall, or maybe check out a local club. You choose the mall. It's not too far away and, more importantly, that's where you'll have the best chance of meeting some ladies. After all, that is the reason you're going out in the first place. But it's taken you so long to decide what to do that it's almost 11:00, but you decide to go ahead and go anyway.

The mall's a hoppin' place as hundreds of teens from all over the city have come to hang out. But one girl stands out, across the way; you're gonna make a move. By now it's about midnight as it's taken you a few minutes to figure out what to say. You're struttin' over to her; she's liking it. You break the ice by saying, "Hey, how's it goin'." That's your line. You're young; you'll come up with better ones as you get older. She smiles and starts to speak....

The conversation would go on, maybe you'd get her number, become friends, maybe more. But not if you were a teenager in Jerusalem. On Saturday December 1st, right before midnight, two suicide bombers flipped the switch on their homemade bombs, exploding in the middle of a crowd of Israeli teenagers.

Ten students- all between the age of 14 and 20 out to have a good time after the Sabbath-killed. Imagine it: the pain of the death of a peer times ten. That doesn't even include the nearly 200 injured, or the many more who saw the devastation, like Yossi Mizrahi: "I saw people without arms. I saw a person with their stomach hanging open. I saw a 10-year-old-boy breathe his last breath."

Rescue workers rushed to the scene. They were greeted with a massive car bomb timed to explode just as they arrived. Hundreds of rescue workers were put in danger because of their never-ending loyalty to their job and determination to help the injured - sound familiar? Comparisons to September 11th come to mind immediately, but then quickly vanish. Why?

The Israelis have to deal with issues on a daily basis that we've never dreamed of. Since September 11th, this nation has become paranoid over anthrax, which has killed a handful of people over the past few months. Compare that with what happened in Israel following their attack. In Haifa, a man walked into a bus, paid his fare, and then set off a particularly powerful human bomb. Witnesses say the victims didn't have time to even utter a word, not even a single cry for help. Twenty-six more dead- only 12 hours after the mall bombings.

Sadness eventually turns into anger, for us towards Al Qaeda. It's only the middle of December and the Al Qaeda leadership along with the Taliban government that supported them are almost completely eliminated. Responsibility for the bombings in Israel



Today I'm proud to announce the formation of the college resume Club. We will be having elections for the offices of President, VP, Treasurer, Secretary, Sgt. At Arms, Pope, Rabbi, Sheikh, independent spiritual advisor, undersecretary of writing affairs, der fuhrer, mullah, premier, and headmaster... oops"



American Flag: \$5
Cheap lighter: \$6
Ignitor fluid: \$3.50

Lighting yourself on fire because you're an anti-American terrorist: priceless

was claimed by Hamas, a militant wing of the Palestinian Liberation Organization. They are funded, armed, and supported by the PLO. The PLO leadership has made multiple excuses for the continuing violence, ranging from claiming ignorance of the plots to blaming Israel for the entire situation.

Can you imagine if the Taliban said that they were doing everything they

could to bring Osama bin Laden to justice and couldn't, even though he lived within their borders and his whereabouts were known to the government? Or what if they said that "They are responsible for this situation," as a Palestinian leader did on a cable news network the night of the bombings? Dick Cheney would've had a heart attack (it doesn't take too much to make that happen anyway). Donald Rumsfeld would've had a brain aneurysm out of anger, and George W. Bush would've pulled a Keyser Soze. Basically the Israelis have to suffer the indignity and the pain of their attacks for much longer than we have had to because of their deadlocked political situation.

But this comparison is valid only to the extent of letting us feel the pain and misery that we'd like so desperately to block out. What's more important is for us- the future leaders of America- to consider how such terrorism can be stopped. There's no

easy answer, maybe no right answer. Should our government do more, maybe do less? Do we need to send in troops to keep the peace, as we did in Somalia, or disengage completely and only worry about the Middle East when the price of gas is hurting our economy? What is our role? Complicating the situation even more is the fact that there is no clear evil in this case like the Taliban is (or was) for us.

After all I've only stated the recent atrocities committed by Palestinians; some would say that there have been just as many attacks against them by the Israeli army. But as unsettling and frustrating as the Middle East is, we cannot ignore what is happening. To turn a deaf ear to Israel and to Palestinians is to turn a deaf ear to the victims of September 11th. Hopefully sometime soon Israeli guys will only have to worry about that girl in front of them, not whether or not they'll make it home again.

Vanderbilt Commodores: A Perennial NIT Contender

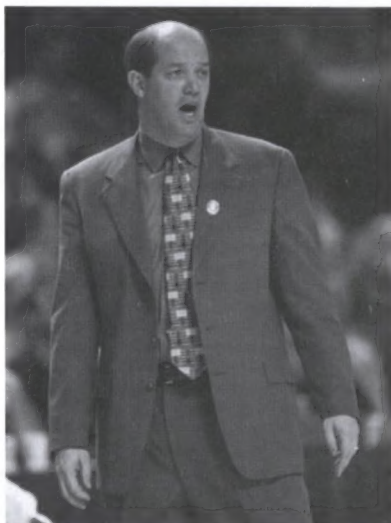
by Jack Davis

The Vanderbilt Commodores are always a tournament team. Is this wishful thinking? Unfortunately, it is not. I assure you, the Commodores are always a tournament team. Unlike teams such as UNC, Duke, UCLA, or Michigan State, however, the Commodores never have to tune into the NCAA selection show. They know they'll be playing in Madison Square Garden in a tournament that nobody cares about. Of course, the name of this tournament is the NIT, or the Not Invited Tournament. Year in and year out, Vandy has a chance to make noise in this tournament, where the worst big name basketball schools play their postseason games.

The Vanderbilt Commodores 2001-2002 team will be no different from the typical Commodores teams of the past. Vanderbilt's winning percentage before it begins SEC play will once again be grossly inflated, as they pick up wins over NCAA powerhouses such as American and Cal Poly. Their only early season competition was probably their 84-71 loss to UConn a few weeks ago. Despite their loss to UConn, though, some ignorant Vanderbilt fans will look to their team's gaudy pre-SEC record

and begin to project Vandy's seeding in the NCAA field.

Vandy's bandwagon will be full. If you do not believe me, talk to Branch Howard in early January. When the SEC season finally gets going, most Vandy fans will be disillusioned as their beloved Commodores drop to the cellar of the SEC East. This drop will be slow at first, as Vandy will pull out a miracle win or two and almost gain the support of doubters like me. Despite Vandy's early success, though, their hopes for a NCAA bid will be gone after consecutive blowout losses at Florida and Kentucky in early February. The Vandy bandwagon will



Coach Kevin Stallings hopes to guide Vanderbilt to the NCAA Tournament for the first time since 1996.

then be almost empty. Attendance will

will be Branch Howard and cheap old people with season tickets who want to get their money's worth. With neither support nor confidence, Vandy will lose all but one of their remaining SEC games. Their one win will probably come at Tennessee, a basketball team with almost as sad of a story as Vanderbilt's. Vandy will finish up the regular season in fifth place in the SEC East with a record around 17-14. Vandy won't go to the NCAA tournament, again, as their fans instead will turn their attention to the women's tennis team.

Vandy players and fans will once again need not tune into the CBS men's selection show on selection Sunday, as their NIT bid will be reported the next day. Vandy fans may want to watch the ESPN women's selection show a little earlier on selection Sunday, though. The Vanderbilt women's basketball team may make some noise in the women's NCAA tournament. In fact, the women's team could probably compete with the men's team. Sorry Vandy fans, but there's always next year.

Season of high hopes begins for wrestling team

by Heath Edwards - Staff Writer

Is this the year? Can the wrestling team actually win their first state title ever? These are a couple of the questions that have been asked coming into this season. The MBA wrestlers and coaches feel confident this year about their chances in the state tournament and expectations are high.

"I expect to win the state championship and I don't expect anything less, if I did I wouldn't be here," Coach Simpson said.

MBA returns ten starters, nine seniors, and seven returning state place winners. Returning place-winners include William Simpson (103), Frank Herron (135), Will Howorth (145), Heath Edwards (152), Blake Luttrell (171), and Blake Goodman (189). Leading the list of returnees is Patrick Simpson (130), the unquestioned star and one of the captains of the team, who has two state championships and one runner-up finish heading into his senior year. Seniors Jameson Norton (160) and Will

Howorth are the other captains and should prove great leadership as well.

The year started out strong with a 61-9 rout of a competitive Brentwood Bruins team and a dominant performance at the Overton Invitational. At the tournament, all fourteen wrestlers

placed, with the team getting an unbelievable twelve finalists and nine champions. Patrick Simpson was named the Outstanding Wrestler and James Dade received the

Best Match award after losing a gutwrenching double overtime match to Overton.

Although the team's goals are high and they expect to be the champions come February, they cannot become complacent with their achievements thus far. Patrick Simpson put it best when he said, "We have the potential, but that's never enough." The team may have the potential to win it all, but they still have a lot to prove.

Last Year's Finish:
3rd in State
Returning Starters:
10 of 14

by James Pace - Staff Writer

If you haven't come out to see the MBA hockey team this year, you are missing out. With the loss of Will Bruce, everyone thought we would be terrible, but despite what everyone thinks, we are 1-1-1 and not going to lose again. Yes, Will Bruce was amazing, but this year's team has more unity, desire, and heart than ever before, and that's what makes watching us so exciting.

One thing you'll notice right off is that even if by some odd chance we aren't the best team, we definitely look the best. I would like to challenge any MBA sports team to say that they are better outfitted. Watching the beauty of our hockey team, equipped with new home and away jerseys, socks, pant covers, helmets, and gloves, will surely bring a smile to your face. Not only do we look good, but our support has been great so far. Bring horns, signs, girls bats, or whatever it takes to help us and intimidate the opponent.

With your support, the already growing league will soon explode to new heights.

This year's team is led by seniors Michael Weiner Land, James Pace, and Gavin Richey; the amazing junior duo of Ray Walsh and Aaron Davis; and sophomores Nathan Dudney, Walker Mathews, James Dade, and Maw Douglass. The hitting is fierce and

hopefully safe, but with bad attitudes and sharp objects like skate blades and broken sticks, you never know what you will see.

With only winning in mind, the team's motto for this year is bloodbath, suggesting the BIG RED juices we hope to soak opponents with. In the interest of fair play, hopefully these juices will stay confined to the red gatorade we drink on the bench. With big Friday night games against Father Ryan, Mount Juliet, Centennial, and Brentwood High, the team would really appreciate everyone's support.

Last Year's Finish:
3rd Round,
Predators' Cup
Returning Players:
18 of 21

The End of MBA Athletic Glory

By Jamie Sperring - News Editor

With the coming of the new sports season, the MBA student body has witnessed the demise of one of its most loved, and long standing programs, Intramurals. On November 1, 2001, the gallant warriors of the baseball field gathered one last time to pit their skills, speed, and strength against one another in a game whose intensity and pure emotion rivals those of the Titans, or even our own Big Red. We few, we happy few, we band of unathletic brothers came together one last time to vie for the place of intramural champions.

However, whereas the atmosphere of days prior had always been jovial, invigorated, and high spirited, a somber cloud rested upon the Tachyons, Flamers, Dingercats, and yes, even the Wobies during that last, solemn match. The men of intramurals, led by the fearless, untiring Dr. Clark (DC), knew that once the day was won and done, they would never again return to the sport which they loved so much. Instead, as had been decreed by the powers that be, the intramural program was to be disbanded and in its stead, FAST was to be established. No longer would the fun-loving, slightly below par athletes have a safe haven to escape to at the end of a long, strenuous day. Instead, they were to be condemned to FAST, Fitness and Sports Together, in an attempt to bring out the "athletes within". Although DC would still remain as the fearless leader, the followers were to be condemned twice a week to the foul smelling, jock-infested weight room or even worse, the Miller-ruled track, upon which to add embarrassment to misery, they were to be forced to run right to the brink of collapse in front of none other than the MBA cheerleaders. Now honestly, it's one thing to force a group of sub-athletes onto the track, but to make them demonstrate their physical prowess before a group of attractive women who surely, don't deserve such horrific torture, is simply sadistic. Granted, the 'muralers still

return to the baseball field twice a week, but the feeling is not the same. Now, as we struggle to beastify ourselves with the aid of our 45 lb bars and numerous benches, we look back upon the days of DC Intramurals with a feeling of nostalgia.

But why take something that a group of young men held so dear to their hearts? Unnamed sources have stated that the new FAST program will bring about a new level of fitness among the "slackers" of the student population. Yet a single day of lifting a

week can't compare to the other six days during which surely, any muscular mass gained is lost once more to the atrophy of inactivity. Perhaps they believe that a day of running a week will ensure years of health to come for the former Intramural

crowd. Yet they fail to realize that although the intramurals crowd has been named, often proudly, as "slackers", the competition was fierce and the effort great during those intense football, speedball, and yes, even basketball games. "Easy E" Evan Shelby, Adam "Z" Zelizer, Peter "The Conductor" Callister, and yes even myself, Jamie "The Brit" Sperring led our respective teams in ferocious, blood and sweat soaked battles against one another and although the outcome was more or less unpredictable (Wobies excluded), one could always be sure that the effort was no less than 110%. The proof of such intensity lies in the injuries sustained during the intramural seasons. A broken arm, multiple sprained and broken fingers, a dislocated knee, all give testament to the fervor and passion of the Ex-intramural program. Thus just to form the opinion of the entire Intramural team with a few, unnamed slackers as a model surely is not a basis for dismissal. One can not simply deprive these intramural young men of a pastime loved so much with a simple generalization and stereotype as a base. I believe I speak for all of us when I say that we want our sport back.



Athletes Doug Altenbern, Matt Hearn, and Peter Callister will be sidelined under the new program.

Bowl Predictions and the BC-Mess

by John Eason - Sports Editor and Dwight Dale

Last I checked football was about what is done between the sidelines. So why then is the national championship game not going to have the same luster as in years past?

Simply because this year the flaws of the BCS showed more than ever. How can the Nebraska be taken over Colorado when only .05 points separate the two teams. This is not figure skating or skiing. This is football where what matters is the scoreboard at the end of the game, not some computer calculation's interpretation of a team. Now, I will have to admit that the BCS is a very good system in very many respects. They don't let teams with poor strength of schedules get very high in the rankings. A top 15 victory is a reward for a team in this system. But there is a better way in my mind. A playoff system needs to be put in immediately.

Now, I know exactly what you're saying. Playoff? Takes too much time. Regular season won't matter anymore. Well you're wrong. With a 4- team playoff system, there will be time to play the games because it will only add one more game to the season. The regular season will matter just as much to because last I heard it was pretty tough to get into the top 4 (just ask Florida, Oklahoma, Texas, and Tennessee). This will not be the perfect system by any stretch of the mind, but it should shut up some people in the years to come (like myself).

With my BCS grumbling out of the way, I would like to take a moment and laugh at Brigham Young University and their football program. How could they possibly think they deserved an invite to a BCS bowl game? Let me give an idea of how bad BYU is. Their biggest win this year is Mississippi State, a team that was 3- 8, who had losses to Troy State and Florida (52-0) and LSU (42-0). BYU beat UNLV, Utah, and Utah St. by a combined total of 11 points!

But that's not the worst of it. BYU considered suing the BCS for unfair exclusion. But I wonder why none of these talks have come up lately after

BYU lost 72-45 to Hawaii. It must be because they Hawaii quarterback burned their sorry defense for 543 yards and 8, that's right, 8 TDs. BYU will get what they deserve now. Not New Orleans, Tempe, Miami, or Pasadena, but Memphis.

Now for what's going to happen in the games this year:

Worst Bowl: The Humanitarian Bowl - There is nothing humanitarian about playing football on the this bowl's blue field. And who, besides Jamie Sperring, wants to spend December in Boise, Idaho, anyways? Clemson feels less sorry for themselves and beats La. Tech in this one.

Citrus Bowl- Although this will be the first time UT has played Michigan, the Vols have a history of coming up short against the Maize and Blue. Neyland Stadium had the largest capacity in the

country for a short time, until Michigan expanded the Big House. In 1997, Peyton Manning put up good numbers but couldn't beat out Charles Woodson for the Heisman Trophy.

Ironically, the Citrus Bowl may not even be sold out for this one, as the teams with the first and third largest stadia in the country are both coming off disappointing losses that knocked them out of BCS contention.

There are a lot of similarities between these two conservative teams. They both have predictable playcalling: Michigan will run at least three reverses to Calvin Bell and UT will roll Casey Clausen out off a play action in several short yardage situations before this game is over. Also, both the quarterbacks in this game are low talent players. The outcome of the game will hinge on which one doesn't have an awful performance. John Navarre will play just a little better than Clausen in this one, and the Michigan will beat the Vols, who still have visions of Roses dancing in their heads.

Now for the Rose Bowl, Miami should win in easy fashion, case closed. Nebraska will bring many fans greatly outnumbering Hurricane fans but Reed and company are just too much for Nebraska to handle. Miami wins by two touchdowns.

This is not figure skating or skiing. This is football. What matters is the scoreboard at the end of the game.

The Black Man's Burden

by William Wilson (sort of)

As a black student at MBA, I have experienced pressures and expectations that most students never have to deal with. Let's start with my name. Why must I always be called Will? Why can't I be known as Woodrow in an honor to our distinguished progressive president of the 1910s? Must I be called "Will" just because to all you whites think a black guy must be insane? From the very beginning I am carrying the stereotypes manufactured by generations and generations of racist old white people. And another thing: as a man of color, why do you always expect me to wear FUBU and PHAT hats? Can't I just wear khakis, a flannel shirt, and a camo hat every once in a while? This facade just isn't me. There's an inner redneck waiting to get out, but you just won't have it. There are black rednecks everywhere, just watch a University of Miami football game, if you don't believe me. Basketball, do I have to play basketball just because I'm black? Couldn't I join the Debate Team and become a killa extemp badass? Now

what about my spine? I'm not really this Snoop Dogg wannabe who talks all wizard and funky. In case you haven't noticed already in this article, I'm very articulate and well-spoken. My syntax, diction, and overall style are easily comparable to those of Adam Zolner, a veritable whitey in his own right. Now I know when many of you see me around on campus, you turn and walk away because you don't think you have anything to discuss with me. As an aid, here are a few examples of easy conversation starters: 1. "How about this weather. [Hot, Cold] enough for ya?" 2. "How about those [insert a sports team]. They have a shot at really doing something this year." Now here are a few examples of things NOT to say: 1. "Hey Willie, wanna go to KFC?" 2. "I got a 2-for-1 deal on my Confederate flag. Want one?" 3. "I'm having a party tomorrow at the Belle Meade Country Club. If you wanna come, I could always use an extra caterer." My goal is for you not to see me as a black man, just see me as a man.

John Markham's NFL Career (Continued from Page 1)

varsity team his Sophomore year, Markham became a starter in his Junior season. That season, Markham said, "I was pretty good on my kickoffs. I got a lot of touchbacks, and I did all right on field goals." It was his in his Senior year that Markham, having improved his field goal kicking and even taken on punting duties, drew the attention of the Vanderbilt coaching staff.

At Vanderbilt he was one of the few dependable parts of the Commodore offense. By the time he graduated no player in school history

had scored more points than he did. "Growing up, I never thought I'd play



Markham played four years of varsity soccer as well as three years of varsity football at MBA.

college football, much less set a record like that," Markham commented. "I'm really proud and I enjoyed my time there."

Now he's honing his skills until another chance arises for him to play to continue his prolific career. He's

already had several tryouts this and will keep trying out for the next few years.

He talked to Mr. Gioia while he was still in training camp about coming

coming here to work on my kicking because opportunities can arise at any time in the NFL."

So if you see on John



to work at MBA. For now, he is working in the College Counseling and Alumni and Development Offices. "Mr. Gioia was nice enough to let me come, but I'm trying to help out where ever I can," he said. "I probably won't make a career out of what I'm doing now. I planned on

Markham on campus, take a good look. You might not see him again until you turn on your television one Sunday afternoon.



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